Please Eat

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Please Eat

by SomeSunnyDay

Summary

He felt Johnny cry, holding him tighter.

“I don’t know how to help, I want to help. You’re killing yourself Nny," he kisses his head again, "Please eat."

(Vent fic)

Notes

Due to having very personal experience in this, and my paranoia doesn't help there, I've written this. Plus this is also loosely based on the fact that canonically Johnny's weight is 115 which is very underweight for his build.

For anyone who's having an issue with their eating disorder, I hope you'll get in a better spot. You're needed here, and you're loved, please eat. You're beautiful and I hope you'll be able to see that soon.

So it starts like this.

Edgar bought food last week, and every time he does, Johnny doesn't come out to eat with him. At first he thought Johnny just liked eating alone, but after numerous cold meals in the trash, he started to think otherwise. So it starts like this, he makes food, he dishes it for him and Johnny, and he goes to their room, then knocks on the door. He says that food has been made; that it's ready, and he gets an "Ok." as a response. He goes back to the table and waits. Johnny doesn't come out, and Edgar has to put Johnny's plate in the fridge. It usually goes bad.

And it's been like this for a while.

It's been like this for a while, and Edgar now has to actively drag Johnny out of their room. He questions why sometimes, and gets "It's the medication you put me on." as a response, and then silence for the rest of the night. Edgar can't really test that theory, since taking Johnny off of his medication will cause issues with his safety. So he waits. Tonight, he'll ask again, and he'll most likely get the same response, if anything at all.

They're sat at the table. Edgar says his prayers and slowly digs at his stake, since maybe eating slower would allow Johnny time to do so himself. Edgar sighs, he knows that's not the problem, so he finishes like normal. He looks up to Johnny from his empty plate, and he's staring at the food like he doesn't recognize what it is. Edgar gently places his hand in Johnny's field of view, and asks, "Is it not cooked right, Nny?" he waits.

Johnny looks up and shakes his head, "It looks fine. I'm sure if it wasn't cooked right, you wouldn't have eaten it." and looks back to the plate.

After 20 minutes of silence Edgar gets up and washes his dish. He knows Johnny went back to their room. He sighs. He sighs, and he feels tears. He knows about what happened with Heaven and Hell, he knows about the voices in Johnny's head, the immortality and satanic immunity. The thing is, though, he doesn't have those anymore. Johnny was able to go days without eating 3 meals a day, and sling a grown man around like nothing. Now, he can't. He can barely go up a flight of stairs without wobbling and needing assistance.

In truth, Edgar thinks Johnny is going to die soon, and, he feels like a failure. He feels like if he leaves the house for even a second, he'll come back and Johnny will be gone, crinkled up under the covers. He wants so badly to understand why, he wants to know. He just never gets anywhere because it seems like he hasn't been asking the right questions. He wipes his face under his glasses and sighs. He's at a loss and he's not sure if he can help, if he can do something about this.

So he'll continue to make Johnny food in hopes of some progress.

Edgar opens the front door and shakes his head, his hair is soaking wet. He puts the groceries down and takes off his trench coat and hangs it by the door. He picks everything back up and sets the bags in the kitchen. He got ice cream for Johnny, and crackers. Crackers seemed like a good start. So he washes his hands and starts making food for himself and sets out a plate of crackers and lemonade on the table. Edgar moves around quickly, since he really wants to see about the crackers, so maybe he can get things in a good spot. As Edgar sets his plate down he hears a crash and he runs to their room.

Heartbeat in the ears. So it goes like this. Running and tripping slightly on knife sharpeners. He feels panic. It overcrowds him. He follows the trail of half dried blood to the bathroom and he freezes.

Johnny's leaning over the tub, trying to move. Edgar grabs him, and he knows Johnny doesn't like when he does that, he knows, and he feels horrible for it. Tears blur his vision, as he drags Johnny out the rest of the way. He sets him down and wraps a towel around him. He cries and holds Johnny close as he stops the bleeding from Johnny's arm. Johnny's breathing is shallow and he doesn't know what to do. They live a good distance from the hospital and it would take a while for the EMTs to get to the house. He's not sure what to do.

He keeps Johnny's body upright, keeps the towel on him. He tries to talk to him, he tries to keep him awake. He surmises that Johnny hurt himself while sharpening his knives and tried to take a shower to remove the blood.

After a while of sitting there on the bathroom floor he had to resort to thinking of the worst. He pet Johnny's head, and whispered apologies and soothing phrases, but there's only so many *it's going to be ok's* and *I love you's* you can say before you have to face reality. Edgar cried so hard, he felt exhausted. He wanted to rest his eyes, he was very tired. He looked down to Johnny and kissed his head. His pulse was coming back up at least. So maybe Edgar could carry him to bed and wrap him in blankets as he slept as well.

The bed was unforgivingly cold. Edgar dressed Johnny in clean clothes and wrapped him in a winter blanket. He hugged Johnny from behind, and he hoped his body heat was helping. He hoped the blanket was nice. He hoped he wasn't too invasive with carrying Johnny. He hoped he wasn't too late. He wished he figured out what to do sooner.

He doesn't want his worst nightmare to come true, and as he drifts off, he can't tell if this was the best choice.

Edgar woke up to cold hands gripping his shoulders. He shot up and had to process for a second that those were Johnny's hands. He broke down and held Johnny to his chest.

"I'm so sorry." He sobbed. He felt Johnny grip him back silently.

"I should've done something sooner." He kissed Johnny's head and rubbed his shoulders, he could feel his collarbone and he cried harder. "I love you so much, I don't know what I would

do if you died and couldn’t come back.”

He felt Johnny cry, holding him tighter.

“I don’t know how to help, I want to help. You’re killing yourself Nny," he kisses his head again, "Please eat."

They sit that way for a while, Edgar stops crying. He lets go of Johnny and looks at him, and Johnny says, "I'll try."

It's been a week, and Johnny is picking at his food. Edgar knows he has to make things with less acidity for a while. He sets down a drink and by now they have a routine down. A drink first, then crackers, another drink, then oatmeal. They do this until Johnny puts down his spoon. One step at a time. He holds Johnny's hand as he eats, tells him how proud he is. How good of a job he's doing. He gives Johnny back rubs once they're settled down in bed for the night.

He keeps towels laid out in the bathroom to cushion Johnny when he stumbles. Edgar's had to help him take baths so they avoid what happened last time. He helps him into bed, and he holds him while they sleep. This will take time, and Edgar knows that Johnny will slip up, will throw up more, but he's learned recovery isn't a straight and smooth path. There's curves and cracks. There's going to be times of struggle, but they will both be better for it, even though he doesn’t know why Johnny has issues eating yet. He knows that will take time too.

Edgar washes their dishes, and he smiles because the dishes are *theirs* . Not just his now. He dries his hands and turns to Johnny, "Are you ready for your bath?" Johnny nods, "Are we going to watch TV when we lay down?" Edgar pushes in his chair and takes Johnny's hand, "Yes, whichever show you'd like to watch."

Johnny smiles and let's Edgar lead him into the bathroom. As expected, Johnny stumbles and Edgar catches him. It'll take a while before Edgar can confidently let Johnny bathe by himself, since his balance goes at random times. He starts the water and holds Johnny's hand. He knows this will take time, but that's alright with him.

So it works this way. Edgar helps Johnny eat and bathe, he helps him with his emotional state. He shows him that he loves him in more obvious gestures. He loves and wants the best for him. As they lay down together, Edgar hopes for the best. He held onto Johnny, and hopes for the best.

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